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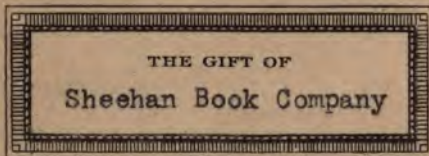
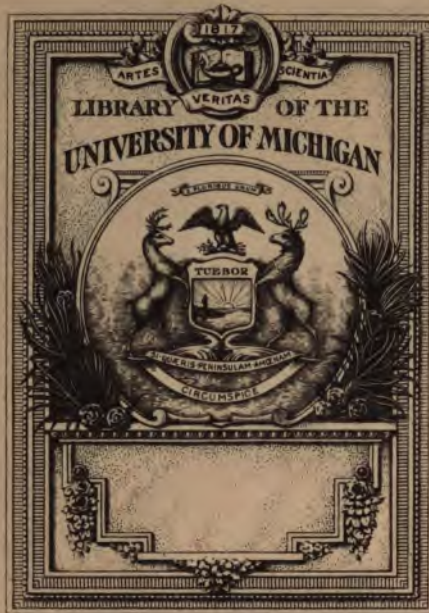
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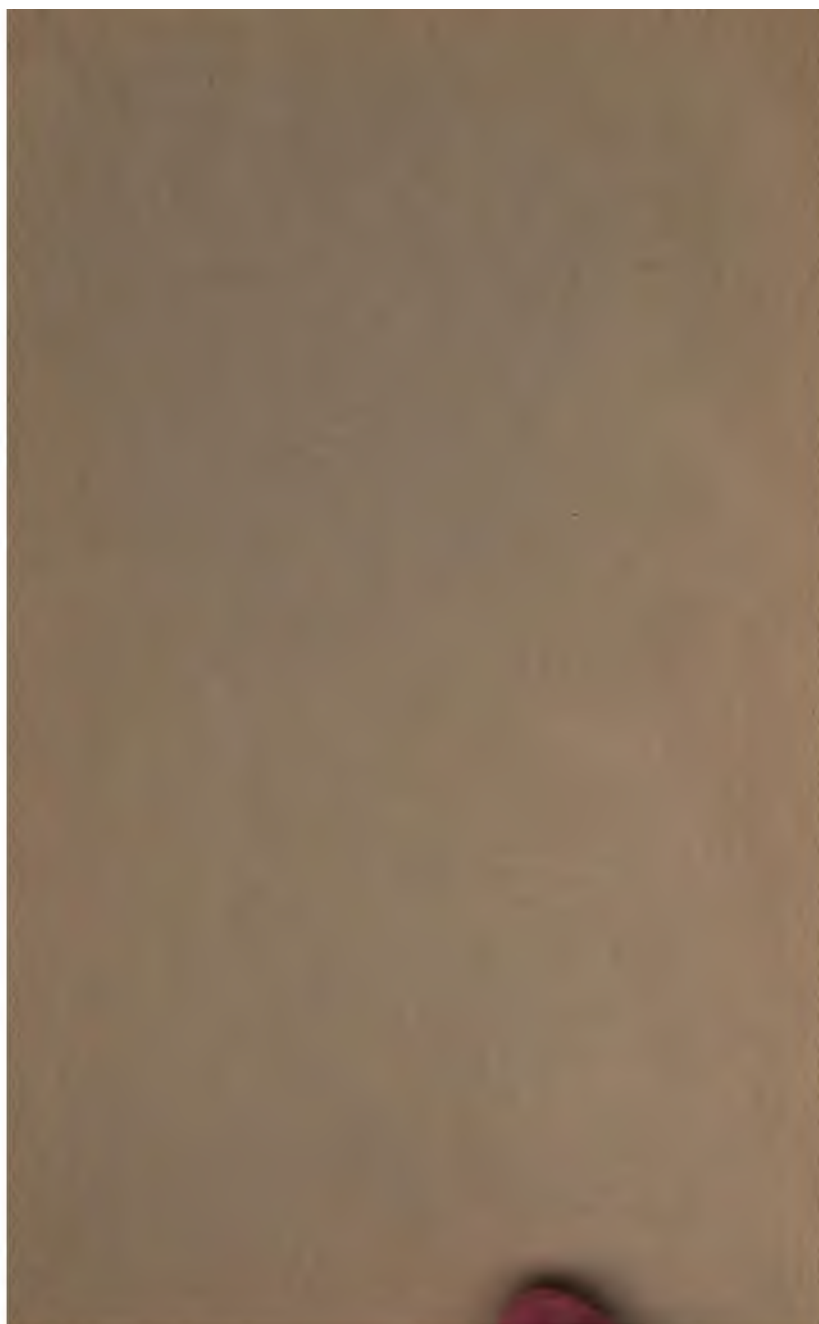
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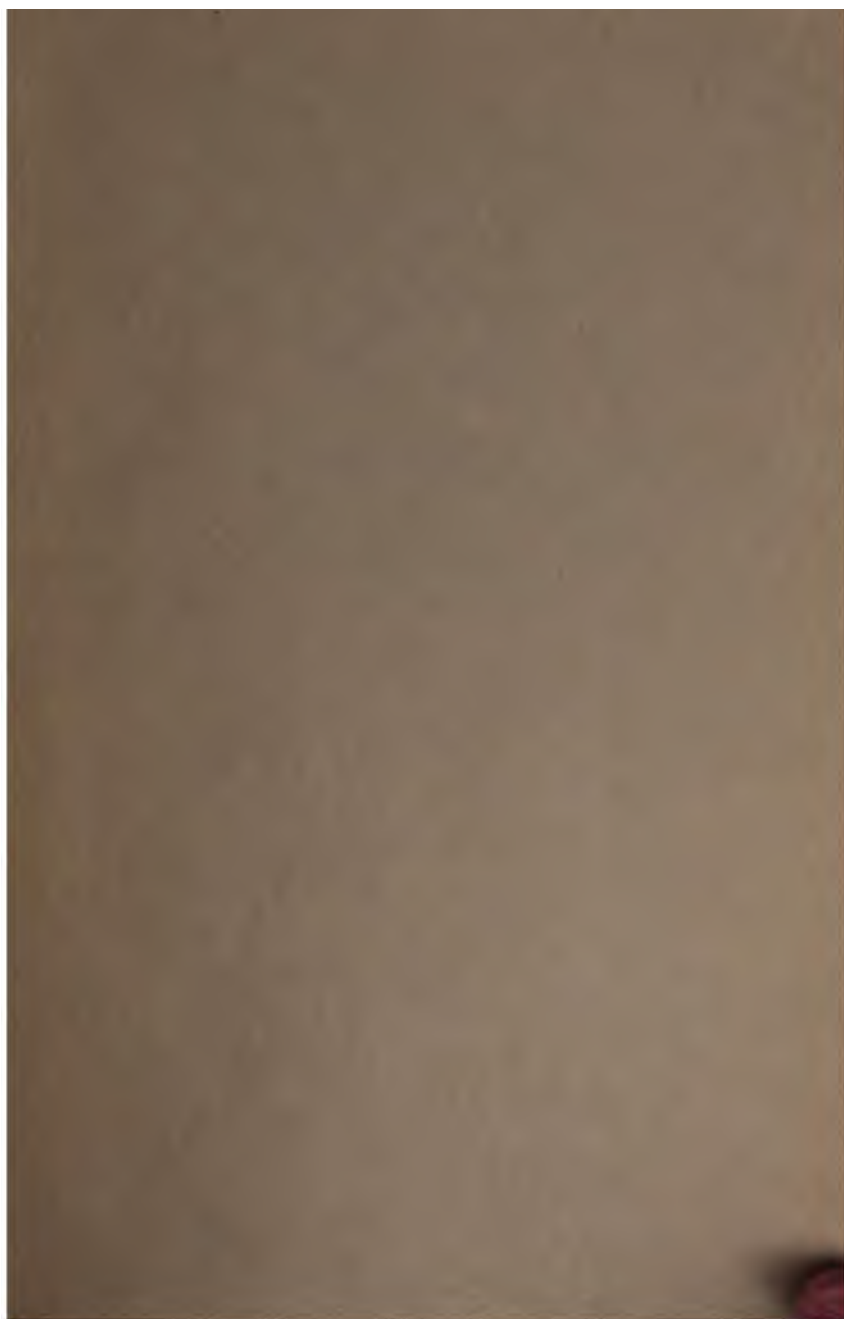


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THE SPORTSMAN'S PRIMER

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"Dashed to the harsh, cruel world."

*THE
SPORTSMAN'S
PRIMER*

by
NORMAN H. CROWELL

With illustrations by Wallace Morgan



NEW YORK
THE OUTING PUBLISHING COMPANY
MCMVII



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Shuchan H. Co

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A WORD FROM THE AUTHOR

THE insistent demand for a scientifically accurate and authoritative text-book of sports furnishes the excuse for this little book.

The author, who has spent a trifle over a hundred years gathering the data with which the following pages bristle, and whose life has been laid down gladly several times in an earnest attempt to make the information here given absolutely reliable, bespeaks the charitable silence of those veterans of the chase whose nasal organs may detect a distant flavor of rodent in his sincerity.

N. H. CROWELL.

FOOTBALL

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FOOTBALL

FOOTBALL is the most popular method of committing assault with intent to do great bodily injury. A man who would disdain to strike a defenceless foe twice his size will, under cover of a game of football, bite a chunk out of an opponent at the slightest opportunity.

Like broncho-busting, the game is strenuous and is accompanied by noise and graft.

There are eleven men in a football team—which is odd. This was undoubtedly arranged so that if one was killed there would be ten left anyway.

The fullback is an important character in this game. His duty consists of grabbing the windbag and skedaddling around, through, under and across the skirmish line, with the object of making a gain. If he makes ten

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yards under the new rules he is a dandy, and ought to get his tuition handed to him on a platter.

The halfbacks are next in importance and are busy young men. Working the fake criss-cross is their heavy suit. This is done by palming the ball or snapping it up the sleeve out of sight while they break for the enemy's goal.

The quarterback is the boss of the bunch, and is usually a small, wiry, quick-tempered man, with his nose done up in a crate. He plays right up under the center rush and handles the Ku Klux signals that run the team.

The line men are just plain, ordinary butchers and hack-drivers, making an honest penny on the side. They are chosen for weight and general deficiency in mathematics.

The game begins by kicking the daylights out of the ball. A tall, noble youth, with tawny ringlets dangling over his brow, welts it one with his brogan and sends it hurtling through the ranks of the foe. One of them
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Football

seizes it and starts to lug it back, which is foolish, as he is soon clutched by the shoulder blade and dashed to the harsh, cruel world.

Friendship ceases right there. The men line up and glare at each other like bulldogs seeing themselves in a new tin pan. The audience howls for blood, and the leader of the massacre toots on a dog-whistle for the fray to begin. "Four—'leven-forty-four," and, kerplunk—the fullback takes a running jump into the mob and the slaughter is on. Some one yells "down" every little bit, which signifies that he has been tied into a bowknot and wants time to unravel himself.

If a man gets a leg pulled out of joint or gets kicked in the voice, he gets a minute to recuperate. A second offense and he goes back to the foundry, wiser and sadder.

Bucking the center is a nice play—for everybody but the center. A large, fatherly citizen, weighing about 260, usually plays center, and it must be annoying to him to have a man run up and jab his skull to the hilt in his solar plexus. He grins in demoniac

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glee, however, when the fullback misses his aim and hits a bone.

Hurdling the line is spectacular but a trifle deadly. It is rather disconcerting to have a man stick his feet, encased in shoes with prongs all over them, into your digestive organs when you do not expect it. This is one of the disadvantages of trying to stop a hurdler who is onto his job.

If a player is incapacitated, which is effete for being knocked stiff, he is led tenderly and solicitously aside and asked if he has any word to send to mother. After which he is tossed into the discard and a fresh victim led on.

When a game ends the audience explodes with a bang and tries to tear up the crust of the earth.

The teams rest up a week and gradually gain enough, under massage and poultices, to go at it again.

HUNTING DUCKS



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HUNTING DUCKS

DUCK hunting, although practically a lost art, is still practiced by the lower classes. The rude, uncultured citizen arises at or near midnight, when graveyards yawn, and go to sleep again after kicking the covers off. He dons his nefarious raiment, which consists of his three-years-old-last-August pants and a hat his grandfather was found dead in.

Silently he creeps forth through the stilly night, having plundered the pantry of its edible contents and knocked over half a dozen flower pots in hunting for the doorknob. Far into the distant fields and away amid the moor and marsh he hies himself, his shifty eye ever and anon scanning the backward trail. But pursuit there is none—the hellhounds of the law do not bay on his track, and he heaves a sigh of relief that loosens the buttons on his antique trousers.

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Hidden securely amid towering rushes, the hunter seeks out a tin affair painted the color of a dark-brown alcoholic thirst. Climbing into the boat, he dislodges it from its seclusion and paddles out through the tall weeds into the open water beyond. Hearing the melodious gossip of ducks in close proximity, he silently drops his oars and grasps his gun, whereupon the boat promptly rolls over in its sleep and lets the hunter into the water up to his watch pocket.

Having waded to shore and wrung himself out, he lugs hay and makes a place of concealment, whereon he sits with extreme caution. He soon arises abruptly and discovers that water has percolated through and touched his system.

At this juncture a large flock of mallards rise noisily within a rod and leave for the next state. Two hours later a teal about the size of a nickel's worth of rock candy sails up. He shoots and gets the tail feathers. A half hour goes by and he learns that his ammunition has escaped through a hole in his coat

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BOOK

Hunting Ducks

pocket, and he has only one cartridge left. In desperation he puts the muzzle to his ear and pushes the trigger with his toe, but it misses fire, and he goes back home to clean cess-pools for a living.

This man's fate is just the average. Some do better. But every able-bodied duck enthusiast manages to sprinkle from \$3.00 to \$4.00 worth of powder and lead over the land daily in exchange for eighteen cents' worth of duck steak. The surest place to shoot a duck is when tied to a stake by the leg. There are only two kinds of ducks in this country—male and female. All encyclopedias agree on this point.



AUTOMOBILING

AUTOMOBILING

THIS is a restful sport—like coal-heaving or braking on a freight. After a quiet day of automobiling the victim feels so recuperated that he takes it to be rheumatism. After supper he goes down to an oculist to get the débris out of his eyes. This comes from lying on his back under the auto and squinting up into its hidden mysteries.

At this writing there are all kinds of autos lying in wait for the unwary. There are autos that grunt, puff, snort, wheeze and cuss under their breath at the least provocation. There are others that spit like a cat on a short hitching post with a tall bulldog roaming below.

Some autos possess a most distressing cough that reminds one cruelly of the old lady at the *matinée* who swallowed the peanut hull. Any one of these brands of machines will do as much execution as any other. Of course

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a man can make a better score in a large, heavy auto than with a light one. Light machines often hesitate about running down a man on a bicycle—a touring car, never. This is a distinct advantage and must not be lost sight of.

To be successful as an automobilist, a man must be a first-class plumber and tinsmith, an A1 cabinet-maker and steamfitter, and must be well versed in the gentle art of repairing a sprained automobile gizzard with a monkey-wrench and a penknife. He must understand exactly what to do when the sparker quits business and sits down to get its breath. If he runs shy on gasoline on a lonely road he must be able to locate a fresh supply by instinct.

If the auto refuses to auto, he must know how to locate the difficulty at the first jab, and either fix it or make it worse.

The principal fascination about automobiling is the opportunity it affords of sneaking up behind an honest farmer and tearing off a blast on the foghorn right under his hip



“Quite amusing to the automobilists, of course.”



Automobiling

pocket. A farmer has been known to jump nineteen feet under such circumstances, which is quite amusing to the automobilists, of course.

It is also great sport to observe timid horses try to climb back into the wagon with the driver. This is perfectly innocent and harmless, as the horses never succeed in doing any damage beyond breaking a few straps or a leg or so.

In starting an automobile, the starter first winds up the big spring in front with a crank. He winds ten to fifteen minutes, or until the machine is seized with a violent, hacking cough. He then climbs aboard and begins to pull levers. After pulling them all back to the high-water mark the machine is supposed to wake up and hump itself. In case it does not, however, something is wrong and will have to be looked after.

Auto racing is a pastime wherein those who pull through alive draw prizes—the others get monuments. Very few draw prizes.

In conclusion, it is advisable to not look

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upon the auto when it is red—or any other color—and is coming up behind you like Satan beating tanbark. For an auto has a jolt that would make a freight train tuck its head under the sofa.

FROG CATCHING

FROG CATCHING

FROGS are small green insects that spend their summers at the pondside. In appearance they resemble a small slab of green hide stretched over the interior of a frog.

Possessing the salient characteristics of the flea and the kangaroo, the frog differs from these two pests in being of a nautical cast of countenance. The frog is a hardy annual, and notwithstanding his constant exposure to conditions peculiarly inimical to diseases of the pulmonary organs, a consumptive frog has never yet been introduced into polite society.

The frog possesses a retreating, almost stampeding, forehead. This handicap he overcomes by preserving a grim and studious air that would draw tears of envy to a professor of psychology.

The frog's chief aim in life is to serve as a disguise for fish hooks—a rôle at which they have never been equalled and seldom beaten.

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A small number two frog will conceal a three-inch cast-iron anchor about his person and look a big blonde pickerel square in the eye with a smile that never fails to win his entire confidence. The pickerel unhooks his lower jaw and cordially closes down upon the frog. The next instant he draws a deep breath and experiences that tired feeling so noticeable in the happy bee-stung bullcalf. He makes an attempt to emit the frog, but at this stage of the game the freckled lad in the torn overalls wakes up and sags back on the pole. The day ends sadly but gloriously for Mr. Pickerel.

Another function which is admirably performed by the frog is in satisfying the steady demand for hind legs. Frog's post-mortem attachments are second only to a mess of seal flipper or elephant foot as a table delicacy.

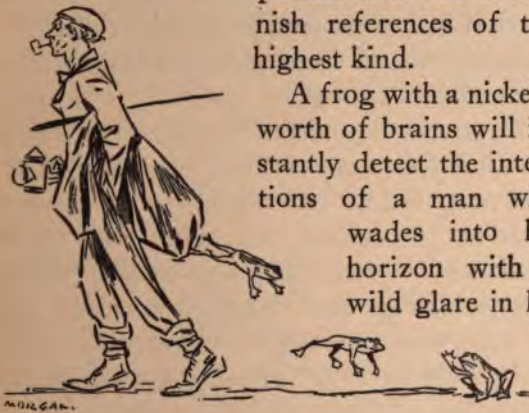
In the pursuit of frog's legs the entire frog is often seriously, if not permanently, discommoded, but the frog-hunter must have a heart of steel and a toadstabber of iron. No chicken-hearted person exists in the frog-catching business.

Frog Catching

There are many ways of gathering this fruit. Being an aquatic animal, an attempt to run him down in an automobile is manifestly impracticable. The auto is useful only when a large, tawny specimen happens to stray into the public highway.

It is exceedingly difficult to gain a frog's confidence by patting him on the eyelashes and otherwise caressing him. He is loaded to the chin with suspicion of the most virulent order, and rarely permits familiarities from persons who fail to furnish references of the highest kind.

A frog with a nickel's worth of brains will instantly detect the intentions of a man who wades into his horizon with a wild glare in his



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eyes and a fork-handle clutched in his fist. Curiosity may hold him until the man has expectorated on his hands and is swinging the fork-handle aloft. Then a sound not unlike dropping a custard pie down a well signals the departure of froggie for parts unknown to the plaintiff.

To be a successful frog-hunter one must devote his early life assiduously to the cultivation of skill and dexterity, backed by a digestion capable of sustaining long-continued fasts. A smattering of Latin and Greek roots is also a necessary adjunct to this precarious calling. The ordinary language is not complete enough.

To deceive an adult frog requires a degree of intelligence impossible to describe in the limits of this article. Suffice it to say that there are occasional individuals who are so proficient in their chosen calling that they are enabled to lure froggie by squatting in the edge of the horsepond and making a noise like a mossy stump. These persons, however, are extremely rare.

Frog Catching

The coarse, commercial froggist arises betimes (in this instance at about 4:22½ A.M.) and girds up his loins with an old gunny sack. His further paraphernalia consists of a dark lantern and a section of buggy whip. Armed with these, he descends upon the haunts of his slippery game and proceeds to business with the passionate enthusiasm of youth.

He sneaks quietly along the edge of the pond, the lantern illuminating the desert and the waste places with a flood of light. Presently he descries two fiery eyes protruding from the forward end of a large envy-tinted frog of the bull variety. Craftily he steals forward with his eyes riveted upon the clammy form of his victim. Swish! goes the buggy-whip—a sickening thud and the deed is done and recorded in the office of the Register.

The frog is next carefully separated from the mud and dropped into the gunny sack, where he soon recovers consciousness and crawls to a hole in one corner, through which he percolates. The hunter stalks grimly on

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and many a frog falls before his unerring aim and goes to his long home, *i.e.*, the sack.

An hour or two later the hunter starts suspiciously and rams his arm into the yawning depths of the gunny sack. Then he hurriedly unslings the sack and inserts his head into its cavernous regions. A moment later he emerges enveloped in a lilac-tinted cloud of ribald conversation, accompanied by a villainous glare at the myriads of inquiring optics that have suddenly risen to the surface of the pond.

It is too true—too horribly true—and with a gasping sob the froggist presses his hand to his fevered brow and staggers wearily homeward.

Next morning the frogs are up and in fine working condition again, ready and eager to be slugged and captivated, a proceeding which is, no doubt, a welcome break in the monotony of their lives.

BASEBALL

BASEBALL

AS a National game baseball is the closest rival to poker. It is a rather expensive disease to have but the patient enjoys himself while he lingers.

The nine gaunt, haggard, slightly bow-legged individuals who compose the "team" are heroes one day and beneath public notice the next. It all depends on how many tallies they got in the game.

The game is really a duel between the pitcher and the opposing side. The players come up in front of him in rotation and the pitcher is allowed to attempt to kill them by striking them anywhere between the chin and the knees. The batter is permitted to use a club to defend himself with. Occasionally the batter gets real indignant and strikes at the ball, whereat the umpire guffaws loudly and announces the happening to the audience. If the batter accidentally hits the ball he at

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once drops the club and runs for his life, as the catcher is then allowed to kick him with his hobnailed shoes.

The pitcher's task is to hurl the ball in such a manner, style and custom that an attempt to land on it heavily will result in a sprained back or shoulder. To do this effectively most pitchers now use the spit ball. This is done by copiously expectorating on the sphere prior to heaving it at the batsman's cranium. This causes the ball to appear like a china saucer when coming toward the batter and he is generally afraid to hit it for fear of getting the pieces in his eyes.

Pitchers use a variety of movements when about to sling the ball. Experts pick up a leg and hook it over the back of the neck, stoop and peek at the batter from under the other knee, then unfurl rapidly and shoot the ball across the plate while the batter is switching his cud of tobacco to the other cheek.

When the batter has three strikes he throws the club at the umpire and strolls to the bench. If a man hits the ball hard and

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“The umpire is the man who gets the credit along with bouquets, pop-bottles and hen-fruit.”



Baseball

crooked enough he gets to first base. If he is a big man and the first baseman is a little fellow he jumps all over the latter and tries to stamp him into the earth. Foiled in this, he gets his wind and steals second on the first ball pitched. To do this he goes the last thirty feet on his brisket and gets a pint of dirt inside his shirt.

The next man up may clout a high one to the field whereupon the runner at second scoots for third, reaches it and ogles the ladies. While doing this he is called out by the umpire, having been neatly doubled by the center fielder, a saddened cuss, who hates ladies and spits through his teeth.

The catcher's duties are numerous and severe. He must keep an eye on the umpire, the batter, the pitcher, the ball and his watch and chain. Catcher's soon get cross-eyed trying to do this all at once. A cricket-eyed catcher would draw a handsome salary in any league.

A good catcher must be able to jump eleven feet straight up and spear a wild one or drop

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down and dig them out of the ground on low throws.

He must be able to throw the ball into the neck of an olive bottle at a hundred yards, and a very expert catcher will line the ball to first while taking a chew with his free hand and nodding pleasantly to a lady acquaintance in the left bleachers.

The umpire is the man who gets the credit along with bouquets, pop-bottles and hen-fruit. He does his best, of course, bad as it is. No umpire will deliberately call a man safe when he was tagged a rod from the base unless he has money on the game and needs the score. It wouldn't be right at all.

Baseball is a most uncertain game. It is not out till it is played out. Many a hopelessly lost game has been won in the ninth inning by an unexpected swat. This uncertainty keeps the crowd to a fever heat till the last man is out. Then, if the favorites have won, they did it fairly—if they have lost, the umpire was "rotten."

Admission, fifty cents.

HUNTING THE GOAT

HUNTING THE GOAT

CRACK! went his trusty rifle and the bullet sped on its unerring way toward the heart of the unsuspecting goat perched on a crag nine thousand feet up—*but*—at this moment the goat, warned by the hum of the missile, emitted a frightened blat and jumped up seven hundred and ninety feet to a neighboring cliff and escaped.

Not quite that bad—but almost. Any returned goat-hunter will make that story look like a red flannel nightie at a summer hotel fire.

Right at the outset let it be understood that the goat referred to in this treatise is not the everyday domestic Billy that haunts the backyard and butts the baby into the horse trough ever and anon. By no means. This goat is far too wary a beast to make his bed in the asparagus or lunch off the family wash exposed on the line.

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The animal concerned herein is the gaunt, unshaven, uncivilized article that roams the dizzy heights of the tallest mountains, hopping like a sparrow from peak to peak or vaulting the deadly avalanche with the feathery ease of a soap bubble. He is a secretive, saddened creature, preferring the society of his immediate family and a few privileged friends.

Hunting the goat is a pastime that sprinkles gray hair through a man's topknot faster than life on a submarine. A man who is shy on legs has no business looking for goats. Neither should a man with a violent or impatient nature pursue this game. He must remember that he may not see the goat during his generation but that his children's children may do the trick if they are good and lucky.

Contrary to expectation the goat is a vain animal. Nothing delights him better than having his picture taken—in the nude. Let a man set up a camera anywhere above the timber line and goats will drift in from all

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Hunting the Goat

points of the compass and contest bitterly for choice spots in front of it. Photographers I have known, state that one of the greatest



difficulties in photoing these animals is in making them appear frightened. A goat calmly sitting on the nest has no value from

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an artistic standpoint. The artist-man must have him up and alert. Any one can imagine how discouraging it must be trying to make a goat with glass eyes assume a startled position in front of a huge rock painted on a canvas. The goat absolutely refuses and is apt to shed a gallon or so of sawdust on the studio floor if pressed too hard.

Several fine snapshots of rapidly moving stuffed goats have, however, been taken. This requires great dexterity indeed.

The live goat has never been approached closer than the 440-yard mark. His presence may be suspected from the delicate Jockey Club bouquet that floats down on the zephyrs like the aroma of a brick cheese. Mountains that have been infested by goats for some time are often distinguished in this manner at a distance of six miles.

A person of average grit and tenacity may reasonably hope to see a goat in its native pasture. If the person is as wise as he is gritty he will lug along a telescope capable of magnifying about ninety diameters. Other-
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Hunting the Goat

wise the goat will have the general outline of a flea on a mule's ear.

When shot through the heart a goat will jump down hill a mile or so and the hunter will find a bunch of whiskers and a damp spot where he lit. This practice discourages goating to a large extent. If a goat would lay down and die peaceable when killed it would save a lot of trouble and be appreciated. To haul off and jump over into the next school district is a noticeable breach of etiquette.

If a lone hunter should meet a goat with yellow daffodils on a narrow ledge a league above a jagged rock it would be wise to exercise caution. A hostile movement would be fatal. Throw the goat a nice tender tomato can or a colored supplement, and while he is masticating it, crawfish.

Goat hunting will undoubtedly continue long after the goat is extinct. The difference will never be detected.

TENNIS



TENNIS

TENNIS is Willie's and Weggie's game. They invented it to have something to keep their bright blue blood circulating properly and at the same time allow the starved optics of the gentler sex to feast upon their Greco-Roman shapes. The game has become widely known, and is often played and apparently enjoyed by men who ought to know better.

Large, bony men with lamb's wool growing on both chops have been seen to get out and hammer tennis balls all day as if they liked it. Big fellows whose wives have to button up the last four buttons on their vests every morning have been caught in the act of committing tennis.

A Willie with his delicate aromatic hoofs snugly encased in canvas never-slips, his snowy table-cloth pants draped rakishly about his

The Sportsman's Primer

spirituelle form and a well-fed, pleasant smile vainly struggling to show itself through the mazes of the downy jungle on his upper lip, is a sight for granulated eyelids. Across the net, which is strung up to keep the combatants from actually hitting each other cruelly in the face with their bare hands, stands the opponent. He is also trying his level best to appear like a picture cut out of a Chicago clothing catalogue.

The Willie-boy, with a big, ventilated pancake spanker in his good right hand and a brace of cute little pellets that feel like the spine of a pet caterpillar, surveys the surrounding horizon to see if all the ladies of marriageable age and intention are looking his way. If they are, the game begins at once. If not, he rolls his pants up another notch, rolls them down again and takes another look.

The object of tennis is to swat, slug, lambaste, and otherwise propel the balls across the net in such a manner that the opponent will be so bamboozled, kaflumimixed and flab-
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Tennis

bergasted that he will take on a close resemblance to his hairy ancestors. This is termed "making a monkey" out of him, and is usually a very simple operation.

But if the opponent intends to cinch the young heiress who is eying him from under her \$400 parasol he will strain himself all out of shape to hand the ball a sickening thud when it comes over, and the chances are about 40 to 1 he will drive it across the river or uptown. But the ladies will applaud hilariously and call him a sweet thing and he gets over his embarrassment at once.

As a general thing the spectacle of a tall young man whose legs start in right under his armpits is melancholy in the extreme. But the sight of one of these high-g geared, double-swung individuals playing tennis is something to relate to your grandchildren of a winter's night. The next most-hilarious vista to spring on human ken is to witness one of these rutabaga-built men walloping the innocent tennis ball. It will draw tears from the watchdog.

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When ladies play tennis they giggle and adjust their skirts a foot or so nearer the zenith for a fresh waistline. The next hour is spent examining and comparing cost marks, after which the blood-curdling work is inaugurated.

At this stage of action all prudent men and boys who are in the physiology classes fold their cigarette cases and silently steal away.

Women struggling with the deadly tennis insect is not a sight to be calmly faced by the average, untamed male optic.

At a distance tennis bears a close resemblance to dodging a mad dog. It is not quite as exhilarating as the latter amusement, but has more frequent opportunities for replenishing the breath.

Although goaded to desperation in a tennis match the wise man will shun profanity. All the ladies are waiting eagerly, even feverishly, to catch the first faint blush of angry repartee and the man who goes down to the tennis ground takes his reputation in his hand

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“This is termed ‘making a monkey’ out of him.”



Tennis

and chokes it to death if he breathes above a whisper.

For the profane man there is golf, steeple-chasing and Arctic exploration. Let us have nothing but love in our tennis and but little of that.

A word of advice to intending victims will be appreciated after the post mortem:

When your opponent laughs at you for slipping and coloring your pants green never try to crowd your racket down his throat. If you should succeed you would be the loser, for you would be forced to buy another racket before the game could go on.

If you are getting the worst of it try killing the ball. The ladies will say you are strong and reckless, and they will hate the other fellow if he wins. You can make a great play this way.

About once every fifteen minutes, or oftener if occasion demands, pretend that you have sprained your leg. This will get all the ladies on your side, and they will admire you for being a brave and gritty chap.

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When you get through, take away the bones and hide them so no one else can find them. Everybody likes a careful person and you will make a lot of friends when you leave the country for good.

WRESTLING

WRESTLING

THE first well-authenticated wrestling match was between Jonah and the whale. The whale finally succeeded in throwing Jonah on the beach. Since then wrestling has been going on without intermission between the boarder and the hotel beefsteak.

The cadaverous, willowy person should avoid wrestling. A man whose architecture is of the rambling, care-free sort should shun the wrestling match with as much caution as he would a tame rattlesnake. The ideal wrestler is short and with a back like a sample trunk. He should never use intoxicating beverages whether in liquid or powder form, and he should strictly taboo tobacco in the leaf or plug. Profanity and the society of sewing circles are deleterious to the wrestler. His diet should consist of cold-rolled oats, raw meat of any kind (if horse or dog it

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may be seasoned with nutmeg) and iron filings.

As the ambitious student of wrestling approaches the age of consent and can lug two pails of slop to the hogs without batting his knees black and blue, he may begin to take light general exercises. The beginner must be thorough and adhere to his routine like a pup to a root.

Rising with the lark (the common horsefly will do in a pinch) the student must take a cold plunge. This is taken in different ways. Some earnest young wrestlers crawl into the cistern by a rope ladder and enjoy a lovely swim. This is excellent, providing the ladder holds and the student's papa remains ignorant of the proceedings. A safer way is the good old rain barrel, but where this is not to be had a short dash around the block is efficacious, the goose-flesh being rasped down with a coarse towel or the lamp mat afterwards.

Breakfast ordinarily follows this, and here is where the foundation for the future cham-

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Wrestling

pion's success is laid. Eat slowly, placing the feed well back in the mouth with the knife so as not to miss any of it. Chew with a circular motion like the horse or cow, closing the eyes and tapping the floor lightly with the toes to show your peaceful frame of mind. Directions as to diet cannot be given here, but all inquiries enclosing stamp and photo of the sender naked to the waist will be promptly crammed in the waste basket.

Six months of hard training and the beginner will feel his barley. A match should be arranged at once with some small boy in the vicinity. If the boy wins, choose another—a cripple, if one can be secured.

We will now suppose you ready for the



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match—hat and coat off and pants rolled up over your knees. You toss up your two-headed nickel and take your choice of holds. Secure a firm clutch on your opponent's pants, yell "ready" and throw him before he knows you have begun. This trick wins many a wrestling match.

But in case you fail, you find the enemy astride your neck with both heels under your chin. Ha! Ha! You have him at your mercy! All you have to do is turn a hand-spring and land on your opponent's stomach with your feet. This is the celebrated pivot blow, and is used by all great wrestlers.

Another popular method is to bite your man in the ribs and throw him when he reaches back to lam you in the eye. Another way is to tickle your enemy until he faints and then roll him over.

It is questionable practice to wrestle men as heavy as you are. Always select a small man.

If you bite your antagonist, observe the flavor. If he tastes of tobacco you are sure

Wrestling

to win, for his system is undermined and he can't stand the strain.

After winning a match make a short speech, wherein you remark that the defeated is one of the best men you have ever met—he will appreciate it hugely.

ANGLING

ANGLING

ANGLING was invented by Izaak Walton, a tallow chandler, who attended the Boston Tea Party barefooted and stepped on a bullhead on the dock. In revenge he concocted the hook and line. About ten minutes later some one invented alcohol, and the two sports have jogged along side by side ever since—rarely being far separated.

There are various methods of angling. All are alike. The object of each system is to get rid of bait and secure fish. Forks, shotguns, nets, hooks and the naked fingers are resorted to.

Fish are led to their doom by the free and untrammelled use of an article called bait. Bait is generally composed of worms. To be eligible as bait a worm must possess a white, smooth attenuated body which is capable of long continued immersion in water while coiled around a jagged hook. A worm built

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like a sausage is useless for bait and should be tossed scornfully aside.

Inserting the hook through the horizontal extravagance of the worm's pulsating figure occupies about half the time, when angling with ladies or women. A lady will place a worm lengthwise on a plank and pat it lightly to tame it. Then, when the worm is tickled all over she touches the cruel barb to the poor thing's vice versa and grits her teeth. All at once the worm begins to fade away into himself, and she jumps and screams for help. Help arrives and the worm is ruthlessly impaled.

If your hook gets a severe strike and you play it faithfully and finally land a waterlogged pair of pants, this is not angling at all. It is what Sherman said war was.

Pickrel are classed as game fish, because they play tag with the bait before pouncing upon it like a small boy on the cat. A three-foot pickrel will swallow a cigar box, and lick his chops for more. When hooked, the pickrel suddenly recalls a pressing engage-
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“The two sports have jogged along side by side ever since——”



Angling

ment back home and unless you are awake you will be shy your tackle.

Never reach out and grab a large blonde pickerel by the eyes to drag him into the boat. If you save your fingers you will be lucky. A pickerel will lie for hours with his face open about six to ten inches waiting for some fool to run a hand into him. Never accommodate him in this respect. A pickerel is never safe until he is in chunks on the table.

Bullheads were made simply to expire along the shore where a fellow can step on their horns. Trout are the most athletic fish known. A trout without any chronic disease of long-standing will hurdle a ten-foot dam with ease.

Most of the successful fishing is done down in front of the town livery stable. Some is done around the grocery stove. The biggest fish are the ones that are dragged half-way into the boat before the line broke.

A man, after a supper of prunes and cheese, has been known to remember of catching a

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thirty-two pound pike down back of Jagg's feed mill, and of hooking another that pulled so hard it hurt him internally and he has never been able to do a stroke of hard work since. This calls to mind that once, etc., etc., till midnight.

HIPPOPOTAMUS HUNTING

HIPPOPOTAMUS HUNTING

FEW of us who delight in our juicy hippopotamus steak of a winter's morning give a second's thought to the daring men who brave the miasma-laden jungles of Africa to pluck this succulent edible from its native lair.

There is but one more dangerous calling known, that being the office of poison-taster to the King of Ujube, vacancies in which are filled only by exercising the utmost persuasion on the part of His Jet Black Majesty.

Few hippo hunters return to civilization with their cuticle in one consecutive piece. Fatalities are frequent. Of the many who receive fatal injuries not over half survive. A man must be endowed with rare vitality to recover after being tasted by a hippo. One of these swamp fairies has been known to select a choice spot and nip out a wheelbarrowful of human being without discommoding himself in the least. This trait on the part of the game tends to discourage those

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who would otherwise find considerable enjoyment in the sport.

Constant exposure to the sun and the eyes of the natives bestows upon the hippo hunter a complexion rivaled only by an old saddle. A mixture of rosewater, benzoin and tropical mud is considered a capital dope for a sun-burnt exterior.

On a hot morning in August the hippo hunter saunters forth in quest of a nice string of his favorite game. He penetrates deep into the bullrushes that line the slumberous streams so dear to the heart of his quarry. Far out on the glassy surface of the water he descries his victim. The victim appears like a brace of decaying turnips floating down stream. This is because the hippo's eyes are stuck onto him like a bunion and enables him to submerge himself completely and at the same time keep both eyes above the surface.

As the game is contentedly feeding on oysters, its favorite provender, he may be safely approached in a submarine or a protected cruiser. The wily hunter, stripped to

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Hippopotamus Hunting

the thirty-second degree, glides up within striking distance. This distance varies according to what he is to strike with. If he uses a tack hammer he must approach much closer than if he employs a garden rake. Dis-



cretion must be exercised in this matter as in everything else.

Authorities are unanimous that a spike maul swung with a good running start is the most satisfactory method of making a dent in a hippo, but circumstances often forbid its use. A trifling error or miscalculation would result in serious embarrassment.

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In striking a hippo it is well to remember that he has but five vulnerable spots, his brain and four feet. The latter, being invariably sunk beneath the mud of the river bottom, is safe from intrusion. The brain is comparatively small. Audubon says that a hippo half the size of an undersized house has a brain no larger than the kernel of a walnut. Be this as it may, it is a difficult thing to stun a hippo unless the stunner has a sure eye and a muscle like Hackenschmidt.

The brain is located a hand's breadth back of the ears and a pace in front of the shoulder-blades. Never use a yardstick on a hippo. Cultivate the use of the naked eye.

Novices often make the mistake of rowing up to a hippo and attempting to stroke it with the palm. Familiarities such as this are inexcusable on any occasion and often leads to words, or blows.

Exercise reserve and under no circumstances press your society upon a hippo if he shows an inclination to avoid you. They are very sensitive and the scrutiny of absolute

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Hippopotamus Hunting

strangers must be aggravating, to say the least.

A peculiar method of capturing the hippo is in use in Okojambo. The Okojambite tickles the victim on the under lip till he unfolds his face in a smile and then rudely inserts a sawbuck, Saratoga trunk or anything handy. This leaves him at liberty to grasp the game by the tail, swing him over the shoulder and lug him to camp. The method requires quickness and dexterity of a high order and is not recommended to visitors.

A much safer way is to lure the game onto dry land and tucker it to unconsciousness by talking tariff to it. As soon as the animal becomes benumbed, step in and throttle it with the bare hands. In throttling a hippo care should be taken not to use unnecessary force. It is also advisable to have a substitute do the actual throttling.

Never believe what a hippo says because he has an open countenance—he may be taking you in.

HORSE RACING

HORSE RACING

HORSE racing is popularly supposed to be a game of chance. This is erroneous. In horse racing you have no chance at all. Like the strong arm, the hold-up, and the old army game you are skinned before you commence.

Take the unsuspecting corn-fed pedestrian on the morning of Derby Day. He arises early with a terra cotta taste in his mouth and a roll in his vest pocket that would suffocate a hippopotamus. He has a ticket in his hat that says "Gimlet" will romp off with the race like a tramp with the family wash. He paid out twenty bucks to get hold of the ticket.

He reaches the track under a cloud of smoke from a "Perfecto Rankadoro," and swells up to the betting-ring like a bull-turkey with ingrowing eyesight. He bets the roll. Then the scene changes. The storm curtain

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runs down, the lights go out and some one works the thunder machine. All is dark—for "Gimlet" never had a look-in. Late at night the pedestrian sneaks upstairs behind a breath that reminds his wife of a clove factory. Race horses are sub-divided into two great classes—ringers and dead ones. A ringer is the horse that is quoted at about 30 to 1, and when the race comes off the jockey pulls both arms out of the socket to keep him from running away from the field. Ringers are made, not born. A ringer is constructed by painting a black tail white, or vice versa, and whitewashing the legs from the knees down. By this simple expedient a 2:10 animal can sneak into 2:20 races and lug off the root of evil. No one will be the wiser—except the judges.

Dead ones are horses that fail to win every race they go into. If a horse wins every race for a month and loses one, he is promptly tagged as a dead one.

A favorite is a horse that is scheduled to win. He is supposed to be capable of beat-

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Horse Racing

ing the other plugs to a light green froth. Before placing any large wagers on a favorite it is wise to examine the animal when he is brought onto the track. If he steps high and wide like an old lady hunting burglars with a lamp, stay away—he has partaken freely of soothing syrup. If he breathes like a pig under a gate, feel in his nose and you will discover a fine new bath sponge. Take it home as a souvenir.

Many tricks are resorted to in order to make a horse go a few seconds faster than he really can. Some astute jockeys slip a currycomb under their saddle at the beginning of the homestretch and it helps lots. A horse that is being hopelessly distanced will rouse up and jump right over the horses in front by employing this innocent little tactic.

Many horse owners refuse to start animals in races because of the betting. Many bettors refuse to bet on certain races because of the finishing. It is a stand-off.

Some men use systems in betting. There is only one sure system that absolutely pre-

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vents loss. This is as follows: after betting \$100 that "Ripsaw" will win, go around and bet another \$100 that "Ripsaw" will lose. In this way you can bet twice as much and come out about even on the day's work.

In choosing a winner the novice will be greatly aided by a careful consideration of the following advice: After selecting a horse from the entry list ascertain if the animal has ever been in a race before. If he has, find out whether he won or lost. If he won, it is advisable to pass him up, as the chances are against a repetition. If he lost, he probably was no good then and hasn't improved any since, so cut him out.

Next find out who owns him. If it is some one you know, it is dollars to doughnuts you know the man to be a crook and will steer clear of his entry. If some stranger owns the nag, be wary—he is undoubtedly a sharper trying to work a cold deck on you. Keep the garter on your roll and your hand on your watch.

After satisfying yourself in these matters
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“Don’t ruin a \$3 hat because you win a \$2 bet.”



Horse Racing

it is advisable to take a squint at the horse. You may have to do this through a knot-hole in the stable. Be very careful not to get horse liniment squirted into your eye. Observe his legs—if he has four, credit him with one point. If he has less than four, hang onto your money.

Next inspect the blanket on the horse. If it is a fine, large, costly affair you can safely plunge on the beast. If it is faded and worn out button up your cash drawer and steal back to the chickens.

When the horse comes onto the track watch how he lifts his feet. If they come up slowly the horse is a dead one; if they come up with a snap the animal is too nervous and unreliable. If they do not come up at all, ten chances to two he is standing perfectly still.

Observe closely the horse's tail. If it droops like a wet mop hanging out of a kitchen window he will finish in about eighth place. If it sticks out horizontally, the chances are much better, but if it is vertical

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you can bet your last simoleon he has been red-peppered and will run like a scared cat up a telephone pole.

Don't throw your clothes into the air and yell just because your horse is a few rods to the good at the head of the stretch. You haven't figured on the jockey's pull. If the jockey is a first-class one he will have a double-acting, self-cocking pull that will make your animal look like an ice wagon going to Sunday School.

Don't ruin a \$3 hat because you win a \$2 bet.

Don't bet much.

Don't bet.

MOUNTAIN LION HUNTING

MOUNTAIN LION HUNTING

NATURAL history experts are unanimous in saying that a mountain lion is an awkward beast to jab a hat pin into twice in succession. Men who have attempted this feat inform us that it agitates the stickee to quite a noticeable extent. Those who have faced a super-heated lion with his tail floating aloft like a captive balloon say that the sensation is akin to that experienced in firing the cook.

When suddenly confronted by an indignant mountain lion with eyes blazing like a barn afire the slightest hesitation is apt to be fatal or worse. The proper action is to bend rapidly forward at the waist line and shoot a package of concentrated tobacco juice into the critter's eyesight. Then leap nimbly around to his rear and tie a reef knot in his tail close up. He can then be kicked into an omelet without half trying.

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In stories of the period of 1834 mountain lions were rangy animals averaging twelve feet in length and capable of jumping over a Carnegie library with a bull in his teeth. Since then the lion has contracted in size and become more domesticated in his tastes. Nowadays the lion will take to the tallest tree in his congressional district upon the faintest hint of men and dogs.

There is no more danger hunting lions than in starting the kitchen fire with gasoline, but men who have been compelled to slay them say that at such moments their fingers get bad cases of writers' cramp and their weapons weigh like a hideous past.

After the dogs have chased the quarry about a hundred and forty feet up a tall tree, the hunter comes up with his cannon prepared to shoot a hole in the beast about the size of a buckwheat cake. The guide with the white eye and the appetite for liquor advises you to hit him in the eye and save the hide.

After deliberately aiming for five or six
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Mountain Lion Hunting

minutes you pull the trigger real hard and nothing happens. You then uncork your eyes and discover that you were pulling on the trigger guard.

When you do fire, the reverberations rudely awake the echoes, which is certainly outrageous, as they were undoubtedly sleeping peacefully. Through the smoke and ki-yi-ing of the dogs you see the huge cat falling quite rapidly toward the earth. After a brief wait he strikes with a dull thud, and the guide jumps in with a club and begins hammering dogs. After laying out half a dozen he drags the lion up to you and says:

"Thar he is, pard. You done well!"



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A little caution is necessary in handling mountain lions when alone and unprotected. If you see a lion digging into a hillside after rabbits or gold dust never yank his caudal appendage as it is sure to cause friction between you and the lion. While they are generally harmless—at a safe distance behind bars—it is wise to be on the lookout. If you meet a crabbed-looking, one-eyed old lion with yellow fangs and a tail full of cockleburrs make a sweeping bow and rub yourself out with a damp sponge.

GOLF

GOLF

WHEN a man gets rich enough to sport an auto and have his appendix removed and caged he takes to golf. Like hoeing corn with a pick-axe, golf comes rather awkward to a large, rosy-cheeked sleeping-car magnate dressed in knee pantlets, but as he knows that the admiring eyes of multitudes of women are upon his Greco-Roman underpinning he sticks heroically to it.

There is some labor incident to golf, if correctly played, but it is so carefully disguised that the bloated bondholder may tackle it barehanded without fear of contamination or internal injuries.

Golf consists of two easy movements. Do not imagine from this remark that golf is anything like music. Ah, no! Movement number one consists of balancing a weazened up bunch of gutta percha on a pyramid of sand, gravel or bowlders where the hot after-

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noon sun can shine on it. The other movement may be briefly described as assaulting it with a club. Novices make short work of the first movement—it is simple and easily learned. It is in mastering the intricacies of the second that the grinning demons of golf arise and stare one out of countenance.

As a preliminary to actual golf a light course in hammering carpets on the back fence is suggested. The capitalist with the golf mania would, however, toss his glistening cranium in fine scorn and snort like the wild ass of Arabia should his wife so far forget herself as to request him to assist at that harmless amusement. But he will expose himself to the burning sun of a prairie all day and lam away at a ball no bigger than a canary, coming home at night with a grin that would make you think he had discovered a new breakfast food for the octopus.

The ordinary, ignorant citizen who disgraces himself by working for a living cannot imagine the degree of excitement and general hilarity that can be wrung from this
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Golf

game. The intense, overpowering joy that comes to a man when for the first time he grasps a golf club and cocks his weather eye at the defenceless ball on its little heap of Mother Earth is not for the laboring man. The latter may hit his finger with a hammer and swear—that is as far as he is permitted to go. He knows nothing of the rare delight that seethes through the human form divine upon missing the ball five times in five vindictive swats, nor of the editorial license in language thereby permitted—language that would make a bull-whacker in his palmiest day uncover and take to the cañons. Ah, the joys of golf!

Accidents are not frequent in golf but are most annoying when they occur. Bulls forget themselves and leave their families to roam idly about the grounds, exposing themselves to ricochets and fozzles most recklessly. A bull struck in the eye by a golf ball behaves like a man caught shy on wheat, and this adds to the hazards of golf. Occasionally the ball may intrude on a peaceful

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hornet congregation and by the time the fat and juicy sugar trust man strolls up they are prepared for war or pestilence. The riotously thin trousers worn in golf are no protection against hornets, and foot-racing invariably ensues. This is a breach of golf etiquette, however, and no gentleman will indulge in it if he can help it.

Most golfers find no difficulty in defeating Bogey. This old gentleman is deaf, dumb and blind, and is often beaten most hideously. A player who can beat the stuffing out of Bogey every day in the week will complain of heartburn, lumbago, or milkmaid's knee if another man asks him to play a match with him.

Golf, as originally invented, was designed to be a sort of leisurely stroll in the fresh air, but the latter-day golfer is not considered passable unless he perspires like a brick mason and tears his insides loose from their moorings about once a month.

A man who golfs for the first time will retire in the evening with both hands full
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“Ah, the joys of golf!”



Golf

of blisters and a light pink fuzz on his eyesight. The next morning he will be late for his oatmeal, and he informs his wife that his backbone is out of cog. This, however, is imagination. The only real pain in golf is felt in the region of the pocketbook.

Golf comes from Scotland where it is played barelegged, the players wearing red and white checkered horse blankets instead of breeches. In this country the temptation to hit the dimpled knee of the moneyed man has been found so demoralizing to the caddies that pants are customary as a safeguard.

Golf is unknown west of the Mississippi—the country is too small for it.

DOG TRAINING

DOG TRAINING

HAVING separated yourself from the ten big iron cartwheels you pry the pup loose from the lacteal contrivances of its maternal progenitor and lug it homeward. You then wash up the last year's baby nursing bottle and assume the duties of chambermaid to the purchase.

In due course of time the animal will get big enough so that you can tell whether he is a poodle or a St. Bernard, and you then begin handing it hunks of tenderloin and chase the rubber cow to the background.

At this period of the dog's existence great care should be observed that he does not come under the influence of bold and designing lady-dogs of advanced years. Protect the young dog from unscrupulous persons of this character.

As the dog is nearing maturity—as he is about to step out on the broad threshold of

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manhood or womanhood as the case may be—you may start him in on a preliminary course of instruction for his life's work. After working with him about three weeks you generally kick the dog heavily and crate him up to be mailed to some professional handler and trainer. This person will guarantee, for a mere bagatelle of \$50 to \$100 to make any animal feel his oats.

Yours comes back and you take him out for a swath among the birds. You then learn that he has been trained in Swede and don't know what you're talking about. But that is of small importance if you can succeed in burying a handful of No. 9 shot anywhere in his posterior portion. A good dog can be readily finished in this simple manner.

Bird dogs have been known to attain a marvelous proficiency. One animal known to the writer invariably picked and cleaned the first bird killed each day, leaving only the head, feet and feathers. His owner, a particularly irascible man, ended his career

Dog Training

with an iron end-gate rod one day in a fit of justifiable passion.

In summing up it is safe to remark that the best dogs are the ones you borrow.

Personal training is quite a chore, but it will repay for the trouble. Take a heavy



manilla rope and attach the dog to one end of it by the neck. Nail a beefsteak to a post and allow the dog to gaze at it. If he has human instincts he will make a jump for the steak. Yell "Charge" loudly and yank the dog back about ten feet. Repeat this until the animal will approach the steak and refuse to touch it. If he bites you in the leg during this proceeding it is a sign that he is

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not well trained. Offer him the other leg and if he bites that, he is a hopeless case.

To get a dog to point hang a dead chicken from a limb by a string. Get up above with a sack of rocks. When the dog sneaks up to grab the chicken drop a rock on him and yell "point." In course of time he will find out it is better to point and have it done with.

To make a fine ranging dog pull his tongue out a foot or two and drop a little ammonia on it. He will range surprisingly. Keep a good supply of ammonia on hand, however.

After training the dog, sell him and get a good one.

MOOSE HUNTING



MOOSE HUNTING

A SMALL man of retiring disposition can treat himself to a glimpse of the strenuous life by going out into the backwoods and rudely accosting a large, coarse bull moose suffering the pangs of unrequited love. The moose, at such moments, is apt to be harsh, even riotous, in demeanor, and the most comfortable spot from which to take an observation of his corona is at the small end of a long, rambling telescope some miles removed.

For a misfit beast, a moose under a fair head of steam more closely resembles a panic-stricken circular saw than any other quadruped tabulated to date. Possessing all the salient characteristics in form of the horse, cow, goat and hippopotamus, he exhibits the speed of a Pegasus, the docility of a cross-

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grained heifer in fly-time, the wariness of a habitual debtor and the keenness of scent out-rivalling Old Broadbrim on the trail of the man with the black patch over his eye.

If, while rambling about in the timber, you have occasion to meet a moose, it is advisable to wear a large-sized, pleasant smile and a folding gun. Lacking these cardinal virtues, various courses may be pursued. Space forbids mention of more than one.

Select a tall, healthy tree. Moisten the hands slightly and clasp them around the trunk at a point a foot or two above the level of the eyebrows. The lower limbs are then twined about the tree in a confiding manner and the back is acutely arched. Pressing the knees firmly to the bark, the hands are quickly unclasped and re-clasped at a considerably higher plane. Repeat this maneuver four times per second for eight seconds and do not climb higher after the tree quits.

From your position you may now observe the moose leisurely attempting to brain himself against the lower portions of the tree.



“Select a tall, healthy tree.”



Moose Hunting

Hope hard that he may succeed. If he fails you have one last resort, sanctioned by all guides not addicted to alcoholic beverages in any other form than liquor. Quietly and coolly remove the undergarments which, it is necessary to remark, must be of a violent red color.

Beneath you the unsuspecting victim is still heroically engaged in beating his cranial regions to a pulp. Having knotted the garments firmly together descend until you can dangle them before the beast's eyes in all their hellish cruelty. A timid moose will emit two low bleats of mingled dismay and apprehension, while the gooseflesh will stand out on his spine in strong bas relief. A moment later the thoroughly cowed animal will depart rapidly in the general direction of the Moostocmaguntic moose hatchery.

In piloting friends through the back stretches, you may be asked to locate a moose for their edification. In pointing one out, do not put your finger on the animal, saying, "This, gentleman, is a moose!" That would

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be incorrect for "this" would by that time be a mere hole in the atmosphere. Bide your time.

Familiarity with a buxom girl-moose when alone in the woods is ill-advised and no gentleman will so far forget himself. Upon meeting a young and eligible moose-maiden, assume a sprightly manner. Pass a few genial remarks as to the weather and crops, casually adding that you are a certified public fossilologist hunting for fossils. At this juncture you happen to observe a fossil such as you desire away up a tall tree close on the left and, being very enthusiastic, you decide to go after it at once.

In the event of your inflicting a wound on a moose whereby he dies, carefully remove the horns. By a judicious use of an ax, gimlet, meat saw and butcher knife you may succeed in getting off part of them on the same day by missing your meals.

Properly disguised, a moose is edible, having a flavor fully equal to celery-fed cabhorse. A moose hambone will stay around in the
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Moose Hunting

family upwards of six weeks without perceptible deterioration.

A moose has frequently been known to come up and eat from the hand. Do not, however, attempt to reproduce this feat unless you are long on hands. The inside of a moose will digest anything from plain sewing to door knobs, and a nice succulent hand is heartily relished by one of them.

Never break in upon a moose's slumber by thoughtlessly strumming upon a stringed instrument. If you must break their rest use a pianola or a phonograph—anything that will keep on playing after you leave. In some parts of darker Canada guides frequently are seen percolating through the woods with one or the other of these instruments on their backs, and experts pronounce them fully as deadly as the 30-30 soft-nosed.

ELEPHANT HUNTING

ELEPHANT HUNTING

THIS hilarious sport has declined sadly of late years probably because of the stringent game laws in force in the various states. The existing prohibitive license fee for elephant hunting is erroneous legislation pure and simple, inasmuch as authorities state that the present supply of this game in the United States would not be noticeably diminished if all restrictions were removed.

The elephant's botanical description is "a monstrous, herbivorous, gregarious, pachydermatous, pendulous beast." From this it will be observed that he is no butterfly. In motion the elephant has the graceful ease and swing of a cup-defender coupled with the crushing force of a cane mill. His frame is loosely upholstered in a dirty gray material known as elephant hide.

A nice, coy, hen-elephant that has not reached her sixtieth year is considered a great

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delicacy by all lovers of epicurean viands. But an old lady elephant whose eye teeth have been worn to a dark brown frazzle is apt to be tough and stringy.

Never attempt to stalk an elephant except during his meal hour. In this connection it is well to remark that an elephant's meal hour is from 7 A.M. to-day till 7 A.M. to-morrow, seven times a week.

Having reached the elephant stubble, the hunter selects a victim and waits till he is somewhat isolated from the covey. The procedure then is most simple. Approach until you can detect the wrinkles on his brow or vice versa, depending on your line of approach. Choosing a moment when the animal's attention is centered somewhere else, step briskly forward and whack him smartly across the base of the skull with your cane or an umbrella. If you land properly the neck will be broken instantly and without a moment's suffering. After rifling his trunk the game is shouldered and taken to camp.

With larger and warier elephants more
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Elephant Hunting

caution must be used. Some sportsmen favor the plan of dropping from a tree to the creature's back, from which point he may readily be choked to death. This plan, however, has flaws and is not reliable. A better one would be to wait patiently behind a large tree till he walks by. At the exact moment the hunter slips out and plants his right foot heavily against the beast's lower forty. If he kicks hard enough he will break a leg and perhaps a toe or two.

Elephants when trapped very young become tame and will follow their master about



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like a collection agent. When a boy, I got an elephant in my stocking for Christmas once. He became a great pet, but his absent-mindedness proved his ruin. He laid down on old Bruno, the dog, one evening by mistake. Next morning Bruno looked like a ten-year-old lap robe.

Elephants are affectionate animals. This one grew so fond of the hired hand that it made his best girl jealous. A friend of mine who used to have an elephant on his hands has since secured a divorce and says the best way to hunt this game is by proxy. A good strapping, rawboned proxy will do just as well in our case, and in more ways than one has all other methods of elephant hunting skinned to death.

TRAP SHOOTING

TRAP SHOOTING

TRAP shooting is a cunning invention of some sporting-goods dealer for the sole purpose of subtracting the legal tender from the wallet, the sock and the bank account. The confirmed victim of this mania will be found in his declining years with show-bills wrapped around his attenuated limbs in lieu of a more popular article of commerce.

The heinous villain who acted as advance agent of this form of anarchy has long since passed to his reward, but his devotees may be found in every walk of life, the unquenchable fires of trap-shooting running riot in their veins.

The procedure is as follows, with slight variations: Take a small orphan boy and place him behind a cellar door on the wide and undulating prairie. Give him a machine that will toss out clay saucers three times and

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then kick the boy a rod or two across the scenery. The boy will load the machine, you get all ready with your teeth set and yell "pull." After waiting to expectorate on his hands, the boy pulls and a round object like an overdone pancake sails out onto the frosty air. You then shoot and keep shooting until some other fellow butts in and breaks the pigeon.

The trap shooter must be a man of undaunted bravery and unflinching heroism. We may add that he must be fearless and not at all timid. He is expected to lean his breastbone upon the muzzle of his loaded ten-gauge gun with as much carelessness as the average man drinks hotel coffee. Every once in a while trap shooters are lugged off and packed in ice owing to an unexpected happening when leaning on their guns, but this is to be expected and does not deter the brave. They may even give you a bonus.

A pump gun is the favorite weapon with trap shooters, and it is advisable to use one. With this brand of manslaughter you can fill
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Trap Shooting

your neighbor's leg with No. 8's and lay it to the gun. Bystanders are a nuisance to trap shooters and they are privileged to shoot them in the boots at the least provocation. If one of them objects you can silence him by sending a shot or two in his direction.

Land on the trap boy whenever possible—he's paid for the risk and might as well earn his money. It is amazing the amount of shot a nervy boy will carry off in his system when he gets used to it. And then, maybe his parents have quietly insured him for a few thousand and you might be doing them an untold favor, so shoot him hard and often. Death may be preferable anyway.

After a shot the pigeon will be noticed to sail slowly and steadily along until it hits the grass. This is doubtless caused by the slight difference in the direction you aimed and the spot where the pigeon was at the time. Yank your gun open at once and look into the barrels—something may have crawled in and went to sleep.

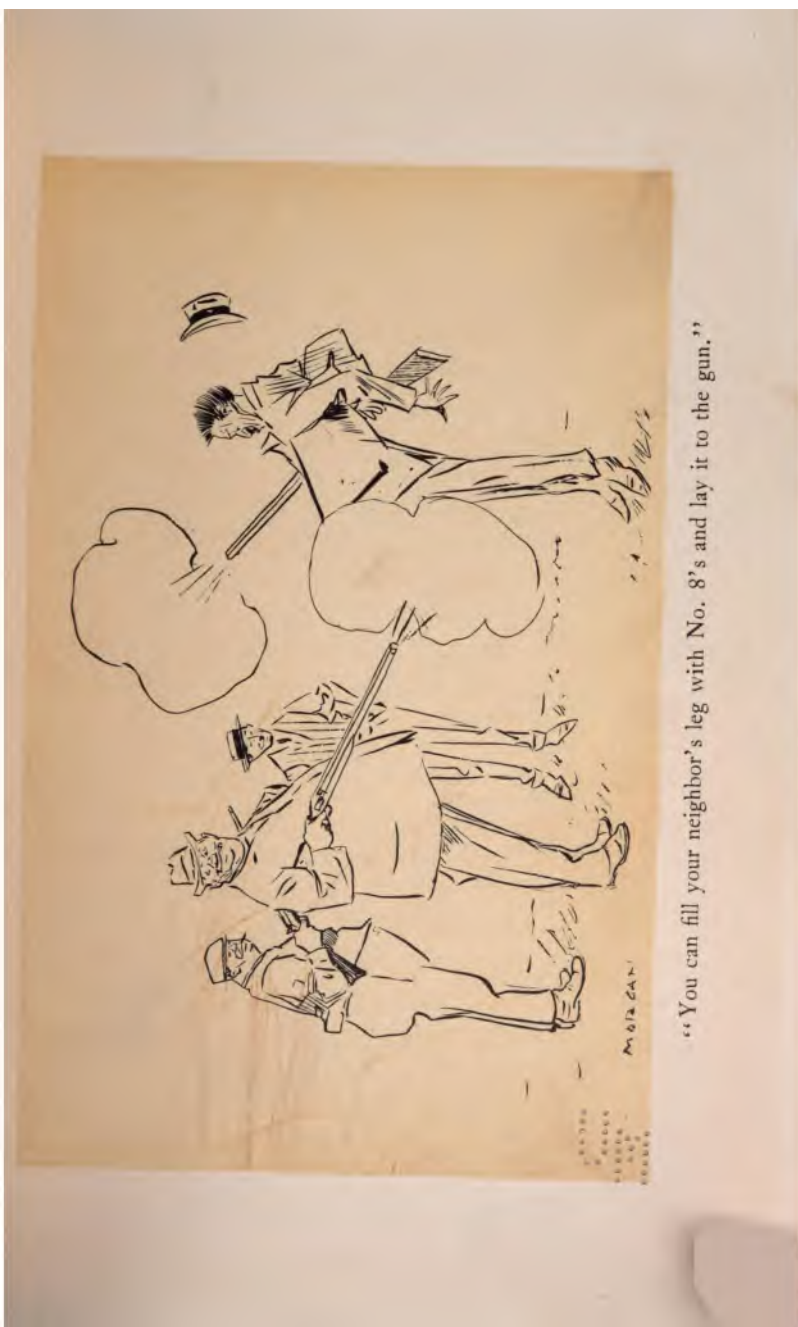
In using the second barrel wait until the

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pigeon is about to light and then swear you hit it. Nine times out of ten it will be found broken and your honor will be vindicated.

Have your own special brand of shells, and if none of that make are at hand, cancel your entry and draw down your side bets. Always have plenty to say while at the traps—keep up a running fire of witty remarks, sarcastic comments and cat-calls. Your companions may lose the match from sheer nervousness while your name will be in the paper as the “genial-souled sportsman, etc.”

When the shooting is over for the day and the boys are figuring up your share of the expense, always remember that you are in a hurry to get home and hike out. One man I knew went an entire season without purchasing a cartridge. His plan was to open an elegant alligator-hide shell-case at the traps and find no shells therein. Chagrined, he had no trouble in borrowing enough for the shoot and, having left his pocketbook back at home on the piano he could not be expected to pay.





Trap Shooting

Afterward this man would suffer a defect in the memory and forget who loaned him the shells. When he departed from town he left a large number of business men to divide the worry among themselves *pro rata*.

HUNTING JAVELIN
(PECCARY)

HUNTING JAVELIN

(PECCARY)

THE javelin is a narrow-chested mixture of cross-cut saw, wildcat and carbolic acid. His appearance is that of a thin slice of hungry pork. His character is as treacherous and dark as a bar of tar soap on the top step of a stairway.

The javelin is a two-sided animal—sides are about three inches apart. He travels in groups or harems. A harem runs from ten to two hundred and ninety. Enumerating a harem of javelin is a very difficult feat when the enumerator is on the tall jump for the sea coast with the aforesaid harem half a lap to the rear.

The first requisite in hunting these critters is to go where they are likely to be found. Having thoroughly located the beast scan it from a considerable distance. Never rush in

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tumultuously on a covey of javelin—use due diligence and circumspection.

Having reached a point about sixteen hundred yards close to the prey the wary hunter should make a slight change in his costume. The heavy field shoes should be removed and hung in a tree. The feet should then be inserted into light, well-fitting, non-chafing sprinting shoes. Spikes of regulation length should be worn to permit of a rapid start.

After carefully mapping a line of retreat, pay the guide, say good-by all round, tighten up your surcingle four holes and proceed toward the game. If the javelin proves to be just one, lone, sequestered individual he may be shot at once without compunction. If there are a dozen or more of him, compunction should, of course, be used with a heavy top pad, well-crimped.

Hold steadily back of his twenty-sixth rib on the larboard side (the side you're looking at) and you have a fair chance to perforate his steam chest. This will reduce his vitality about a hundred degrees and you can then

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Hunting Javelin

run him to death if he does not catch up with you.

When shooting at a javelin push as hard on the gun as you can. The animal's hide is so tough it is very apt to strain any but the higher grades of guns. The javelin is a hardy perennial and blooms prolifically in warm latitudes. Always bury the javelin after shooting, as if left exposed to the sun it will cure to a lovely fawn tan finish that can be recognized at a distance roughly estimated at ninety miles.

P. S. A wagon load of javelin will bring about eleven cents.



BEAR HUNTING

BEAR HUNTING

BEAR hunting begins at the age of four when grandpap takes you on his knee and talks "bear" till your long yellow hair crinkles up at the ends and your eyes look like a brace of white china saucers with holes in the bottoms. From then on you average about a hundred and forty dead bear per day for two years steady.

A bear is a big, awkward quadruped with a shaggy hide, powerful digestion and an ice cream snout. A bear's nose will give the baby croup at one poke and two will usually throw a grown man into hysterics. A bear has a paw that can fan a fly, husk a huckleberry, or bat the breath from a bull with equal facility. His mouth is richly upholstered in red and his tongue is fenced in by two rows of large, cream-colored teeth.

The valuable things about a bear are his

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pelt and the handicap he gives you in a free-for-all. A bear should never be assaulted with a cane or umbrella, as it ruins the hide for tanning purposes and is quite severe on the appearance of your remains. A nimble man could jab a fountain pen into a bear's eye and then choke him to death with his suspenders, thereby preserving the pelt intact, but this method is obsolete in general practice, as the bear is apt to become angry.

A safer way is to secure a firm grip on the bear's tail, wrap your legs around a stump and hold him till he starves to death. This will not require more than a week and has the merit of not injuring the hide in the slightest.

In late years the following unique method has been in great vogue and appears to strike the popular favor in some districts. Immediately upon sighting a bear take a large gun and shoot at least six slugs the size of a corn cob into the brute's frame. If he survives the dose the next procedure is to locate a tall tree and swarm up the same without

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Bear Hunting

stopping to expectorate on the hands more than once. If you have remembered to carry your gun in your teeth you may later in the day succeed in getting enough lead into the bear to cause a death in his family.

Bears have a fondness for honey and infant pork. It is considered unwise to stroll idly about their haunts laden with either of these commodities.

Upon observing a bear rise suddenly in front of you, looking as big as an ice house in a fog, the natural impulse is to flee. This, of course, must be resisted strongly. Hold your ground until you discover his intentions. If they are dishonorable you are at perfect liberty to saunter away from the spot. Assume a fast sort of saunter merging quickly into a rapid stroll, increase to a hurried glide and end in a pale blue streak. In this manner you have an even chance of beating him out of the state.

Should a bear take up a position beneath a tree when you are up in the foliage gathering fruit or nuts and unarmed, do not yell or

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hoot. A sensitive bear is invariably annoyed by such conduct as this. A better plan is to break off a large limb, whittle it down to a needlepoint and stab the bear in the ear. This usually drives him off, but in case he remains, try dangling your socks in front of his nose. This will most generally knock a young bear stiff, while old ones have been known to vacate the premises with a noise like a choking steer.

Some men have walked up to a grizzly bear and yanked out his eyebrows. These heroes will be found leaning up against the bar down at the saloon.

The writer once attended the funeral of a Swede who had kicked a bear to death with his boots. The Swede was in three pieces.

A bear's hide makes a nice rug for the baby to drop molasses candy on, and the skull is handy for papa to trip over when he rolls in at 3 A.M. A bear is useful for three things, as wrestling mates for Italians, studies for comic artists and for taking the conceit out

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“Hold your ground until you discover his intentions.”



Bear Hunting

of bulldogs. An adult bear will take the conceit out of one bulldog a minute for twenty-four hours, and be fresh at the wind-up.

P. S. Never tickle a tame bear with a hat pin.

SKUNK HUNTING

SKUNK HUNTING

THE skunk is a small pestiferous insect of pastoral tastes and quiet, retiring habits. He is a beautiful animal to look at—from afar. Dark complected, with broad bands of dazzling white running rapidly down his spinal column, he resembles a Fido attired in a bathing suit or a sweater.

Though lovely to gaze upon, the skunk is an unreliable fowl to fondle. No matter what the struggle to refrain from cultivating the animal's acquaintance, it will repay you a hundredfold. Even if you find a sociable skunk on your doorstep it is wise to ignore it and go back to the grocery.

Society is a queer thing and if it gets wind that you are meeting skunks on terms of familiarity there will be some talk. As a skunk has no earthly right or license to exist it is well to consider a few of the more popular and safe ways of exterminating him. A

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real safe method is to watch him closely and let him die of old age and rheumatism. This, however, requires extreme fortitude and patience.

Most methods of hunting this animal have drawbacks that render them hazardous, and in some localities to hunt a skunk and succeed is considered a distinct breach of etiquette, punishable by fine or imprisonment in the pest house at the judge's discretion.

By discovering skunks a man may easily get himself into very bad odor with his acquaintances.

Upon meeting a skunk on the highway or in any public place the greatest precaution should be exercised. Never appear surprised, excited, worried or harassed in a skunk's presence. Wear a calm, stern expression and a careless, indifferent air. Smile gaily, showing as much of the gold filling in your teeth as possible. Skunks like a cheerful person and will become fast friends—if he can keep up.

A nervous, hysterical man has no show
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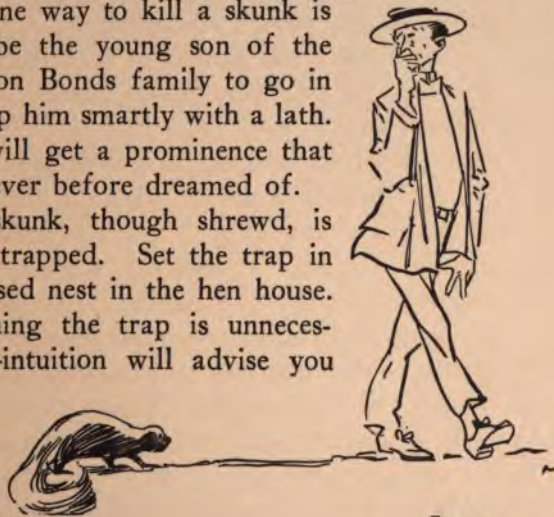
Skunk Hunting

with a skunk. He is certain to get pounced upon and dragged away to the animal's lair for the young ones to play tag with.

A skunk is a very influential animal—his influence is often felt over an entire township. Skunks have a predilection for education, and will remain under a schoolhouse for hours while the schoolma'am and the scholars harvest flowers half a mile up the highway.

A fine way to kill a skunk is to bribe the young son of the Stockson Bonds family to go in and tap him smartly with a lath. You will get a prominence that you never before dreamed of.

A skunk, though shrewd, is easily trapped. Set the trap in a disused nest in the hen house. Watching the trap is unnecessary—intuition will advise you



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when the game is caught. After being trapped in this manner the skunk is killed by setting fire to the hen house. In doing this be careful not to jostle the skunk's brother.

A skunk is harmless when his hide is made into an overcoat, but even then a cautious man will sidestep.

OSTRICH HUNTING

OSTRICH HUNTING

THE ostrich hails from Austria, Australia, Oshkosh and other tropical and semi-explored localities. It is manufactured in the popular dip-front style of architecture and stands about twenty-seven hands high in its bare feet.

Considering that its center of gravity is so far removed from the world the ostrich is a most graceful contrivance. Although a large bird the ostrich has wings that would make a Plymouth Rock hen ashamed of herself. Without the voluminous tufts of feathers that adorn it the bird would be a very raw and uninteresting proposition, but Nature has kindly upholstered its roof and cupola with a foliage that makes society eagerly seek it.

Some ostriches are taller than others—some have their bodies situated so far up in the air that their legs are barely able to reach

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the ground. At the lower extremity of each limb the ostrich has an attachment resembling a smoked ham. This is, however, used as a foot. An ostrich can swing his foot against a man's *corpus delicti* with force enough to make him think he has met Maud the Mule.

For this reason an ostrich must always be approached on the bias with fear and trembling and a hickory club with a knot in it. Only the blind, the idiot, and the intentional suicide will walk up to an ostrich with his hands in his pockets.

The ostrich has a beak capable of delivering a blow estimated at seven hundred foot-pounds. This is equivalent to carrying two barrels of Ben Davis apples up a slippery stair with ninety-seven narrow steps in it.

Although it is supposed that ostriches have inhabited the earth since earliest antiquity, it is authentically stated that they were first discovered by the cook on one of Columbus' ships. This individual, Pedro Profundo by name, was heaving a bucket of potato peel-

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“With force enough to make him think he
has met Maud the Mule.”



Ostrich Hunting

ings overboard one morning when he saw an ostrich running along the beach. He was racing the waves which were also running along the beach. Columbus took a crate of them back home but they are now dead.

On its native sands the ostrich is captured in a unique manner. The hunter, having located the bird on its nest, which is a spot on the desert, conceals himself until it gets hungry and goes out to lunch. He then scampers in and tucks the eggs into his apron and retires briskly. In due time the eggs matriculate and young ostriches appear. They are wobbly in the running gear but a careful diet of broken glass and crockery soon causes them to brace up. Coarser food is used after the sixth week.

When closely pursued the ostrich will stick his head inside the crust of the earth. He is then easily inserted into a banana crate or a sugar barrel. The bird is very sprightly on its feet and can run like a hound with a tomato can tied to his reverse. It is never safe to tamper with an ostrich's affections. Also

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never allow one to investigate your anatomy and pedigree without a strong letter of introduction. Keep away and save your friends the worry and trouble of basting you together again.

CROCODILE HUNTING

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CROCODILE HUNTING

ANY one who has sat up to a steaming section of crocodile wishbone can well imagine the scramble that ensues when the open season on this delectable game comes around and they can be killed on the fly, set or swim.

A young, light-complected crocodile of good lineage and regular habits makes an exceedingly toothsome mess, but great care must be taken at all times to avoid a helping from a wart-eyed old Methuselah who remembers the battle of Lake Erie.

The crocodile has a very annoying penchant for lurking in the slimy depths of streams and ponds cocked and ready to spring out and bite the stuffing out of the passer-by. This peculiar characteristic disqualifies him for an intimate and abiding friendship.

A crocodile is as game as a pug dog looks, and will bite with equal enthusiasm a school-

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ma'am or a wheelbarrow. He is sociable in the extreme and will rub his back on the under side of your boat in the most friendly manner possible. He is playful, like a maiden aunt. If you notice a barrel or two of muddy water tear loose and flop into your lap it is because a humorous crocodile is having fun with you. This rollicking side of the beast's nature makes rubber pants a necessity in regions infested by him.

A crocodile, being constructed like a sofa, is not a gazelle on terra firma (Irish for land) and may be caught with the naked hands by any person who can run a hundred yards in less time than it takes to tell it. It is rarely done, however, as it is bad for the hands. Crocodiles are frequently found asleep, having rolled out of the bed of the river. To wake a crocodile up kick it severely on the eyeball. A better way is to let an acquaintance kick it. A still better plan is to get a mule, insure him to the limit against accident, fire and lightning, and let the mule perform the dirty work. It will be
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Crocodile Hunting

amusing to you and means money for the mule.

A fat, shiny negro baby is the most seductive lure ever discovered for this game. The bait is staked out back of an old cane mill on the bayou (yow, as in cow) not forgetting to hand the fond parents a quarter to ease their pangs. In the course of pretty suddenly the bayou (as previously) will crack open like a frosted pumpkin dropped out of a fifth story window. This is a critical moment, as the game has appeared. The hunter draws a bead. He can do this with red crayon or charcoal as suits his convenience. As a crocodile's vitals are about the size of a nickel's worth of rock candy and are located midway between his hind knees



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and his eyebrows, it is a serious proposition to hit him where he exists.

A crocodile is never dead until a day or two after you kill him. After killing one, wait an hour and kill him again.

The tail of a crocodile can deliver a swat that sounds like a Presidential boom going off under a barrel.

In the Black Belt the natives have an amusing custom of sneaking up on a crocodile in his sleep and propping his features open with a rake or a sawbuck. This places the animal at their mercy, and by tossing sand or cockleburrs down his throat he becomes so tickled that he bursts a blood vessel and expires laughing to the last.

DEER HUNTING

DEER HUNTING

DEER hunting, strange as it may seem, is the most deadly sport indulged in by the human race. The mortality among deer hunters is estimated at about one in every bunch of fifteen that go into the woods. This is about equal to the mortality of bubonic plague.

The deer is a peculiar animal, its appearance being similar to a Jersey heifer trained down to the welterweight limit. They are very nimble on their feet, and some of them wear a set of horns that resemble a pine tree struck by lightning. Being stabbed by a deer's horn is about as disconcerting as being run over by a hand car loaded with eight drunken Irishmen.

The deer, being of a retiring habit, is found in the depths of the forests, particularly those of the northerly states. Here it is that deer

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hunting in its ghastliest form is enacted. The regulation deer hunter is a man of sure eye, rapid action and unerring aim. He must be a human Gatling gun. If anything wiggles, his cue is to fire at once or he may get left. A deer never poses in costume for a man to try fancy shots at—no, sir. Ever and anon it happens that you sink a slug into the guide or some farmer who has no business to be snooping around on his land while you are hunting deer.

This is, of course, a rare joke on the farmer and a dollar bill usually squares it. It is safe, however, to avaunt as soon as possible after tendering the bill. In avaunting it is a capital idea to keep one eye skewed around on the victim and to use a long, fast, and steady stride that eats up distance like a hungry tramp at work on a mince pie.

A man rambling about without an escort in a deer country and without fog signals going at intervals of every three minutes is guilty of criminal negligence, and if not floored at the first fire the hunter is allowed

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"A rare joke on the farmer."



Deer Hunting

by law another. Never be disheartened if you have to shoot the second time.

Once in a while you will detect something go by with the audible earmarks of a bumble bee. This is a bad symptom to have, and the remedy is to dig a small cellar and jump into it without delay. Inserting yourself into a hollow log or an abandoned coal mine is a first-class proceeding in a case of this kind.

The deer hunter uses a weapon that is guaranteed to kill at a mile and severely lacerate the feelings at twice that distance. A good gun will send a quarter of a pound of lead through a two-foot tree and pot a man lurking on the far side. Only the best guns do this, however, so accept no substitutes.

Fraternize with the resident Indian and log-men whenever possible to do so, as they are hospitable and can frequently inform you where you can most likely land your man. By accepting their invitation to stay over night you will wake up next morning thoroughly honeycombed, and with a gnawing sensation in your midst. This will not be

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caused by appetite either. The number and variety of population that can subsist upon the human form in comparative affluence is simply amazing until one has slept in a lumber camp.

Upon wounding a deer run right up and straddle his neck. In this manner you can soon learn whether he is dead or not.

After really killing a deer, the usual custom is to toss it airily over the left shoulder and lug it to camp. This, of course, gives the other boys plenty of target practice and furnishes you with the groundwork for an exciting trip.

Never be found with a deer's carcass concealed about your person when they are not ripe by law. It is a bad breach of etiquette and should be avoided.

FOX HUNTING

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FOX HUNTING

THIS is where a man makes his will, buries it, kisses the cook and children good-by and otherwise prepares for a violent and speedy demise. All business affairs should be scrupulously closed and padlocked before undertaking a fox hunt.

The "properties" in this sport are simple, consisting of a very keen horse, that is, one whose spine resembles a sickle or a razor, a bright red coat, plum-colored pants and, of course, a fox. In general practice the latter, being unimportant, is dispensed with.

William, the hired man, inserts you into the coat and pants and goes through the pockets of your cast-offs while you are enjoying yourself in the mirror. If you are a man of experience you will carefully conceal a feather cushion in the after-hold of your trousers as a precautionary measure. This is a great help when you miss the saddle and

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land on the horse's jagged backbone, and is sure to please you.

Should there be ladies in the party, William will neatly pad your calves with cork or sawdust for a moderate consideration. Be very careful not to rip your stockings after being thus padded, as the spectacle of a man's lower limbs leaking sawdust is not the pleasantest thing in the world.

Being fully attired for the fray you are led out and introduced to your steed—a hungry-looking brute known as Cassius. After going twenty yards you corrupt this noble old title to Case-Knife and find it suits the horse better. In the background you will observe a loud-voiced, tired-looking man being dragged through a stake-and-rider fence by twenty-two large, spotted dogs. This man is the master of the foxhounds and this is his style of mastering them.

The fox's latitude and longitude having been figured out the dogs are let loose and the plot thickens. Reynard (which is the same thing as fox) leaps from his mossy lair (a
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“A fox horse once started is worse than
the liquor habit——”



Fox Hunting

culvert) and departs hastily. In leaving, the fox always leaves a scent on the ground which the dogs at once pick up. If it was a nickel the dogs wouldn't touch it.

The dogs follow the fox toward a fence half a mile off and the cadaverous horses press close behind. The riders cling by teeth and toe nail while their steeds take the bit in their fangs and mount hedges ten to fifteen feet high, vault creeks, duck under branches, wallow through quicksands, plowed ground and cockleburrs. A fox horse once started is worse than the liquor habit—you can't stop it.

Up one side of the country and down the other the chase continues, enlivened by the cheery "View Halloo" and plain, ordinary, serviceable cuss-words from those who are divorced from their saddles. At length, after eleven weeks of hard riding the fox is run to earth. This does not mean that the fox has been flying all this time—oh, no.

The riders dash briskly up and yell, while their steeds put in the time puffing like

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grampuses. Some one hacks the foliage off the fox and then the hunters all toot their tin horns and rattles. After this they go home and put on their working pants.

There is a strict etiquette of fox hunting that must be adhered to—the following rules will be found useful:

Never catch the fox in the hands without first securing permission of the host.

Always carry a sandwich and a link of bologna in the hat, as you may get decoyed a long ways from a lunch counter.

In vaulting a hedge or a barn and your horse throws you, land on your feet and catch the animal in your arms as he comes over.

Never go through open gates if you can jump a prickly hedge near by. The horse enjoys the sensation, and you should be humane to your horse.

Cultivate the fox's acquaintance—it will be easier caught.

CHICKEN HUNTING

CHICKEN HUNTING

PRAIRIE chicken, grouse, Swede pheasant, stubble duck, and various other synonymous appellations are brought to bag easily—on paper. With a stub pen and a pad of hard-sized paper a man having no regard for ink will do more execution in twenty minutes than the deepest-dyed game-hog could in a week. A naturally modest man has been known to slaughter prairie chickens (on paper, that is) at a rate averaging six per minute for hours at a stretch, while he makes doubles across thirty-acre hoglots without the slightest difficulty—if his pen is working right.

Hunting chickens on paper gives a man a distinct advantage over the other method. The fields are always covered with chickens like a speckled blanket. The dog—Hat Rack out of Slap Bang by Ping Pong the

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Second—performs like a working model of a rotary engine—absolutely perfect. The gun kills farther than a brick cheese ever dared to. The chrome-tanned hunting shoes (in this case being brilliant carmine socks) fit perfectly and shed everything from cockle-burrs to tears.

In the evening the hunter goes home (takes another jab at the ink) and folds himself into a rocking chair to review the day's sport behind a cloud of fragrant cabbage smoke. It is great fun—hunting on paper. No early risings and hastily snatched breakfasts. No arguments with obstinate land proprietors, and never any scarcity of game. And best of all—no feathers or innards to wrestle with late at night when your physical system is up on its hind paws hollering for sleep.

Although the supply of this noble game has dwindled till the hunt for it resembles an act from a weary farce we may profitably suggest a few hints to beginners.

After deciding to hunt chickens, tie up your high-salaried dog and borrow a good,
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“Promptly shoot the dog and he will renew the chase, yelping with glee.”



Chicken Hunting

mangy pup from the coal heaver. A light, frolicsome load of number eight shot dexterously countersunk in the animal's encore will make him work like a fiend.

Carry the gun at ready, full cocked of course. Don't neglect to have it loaded. In the course of time the dog may arrive at what is said to be a "point." Sneak up till you can kick him if he moves and you will observe that he is pointing a last year's rabbit cadaver. Promptly shoot the dog and he will renew the chase, yelping with glee.

About 4:27 P.M. something gets up at your feet and sails off with a noise like a runaway cream separator. You then kick yourself heavily and make brutal remarks concerning your origin and aim in life, not forgetting, however, to again perforate the dog. He begins to enjoy it after a while and will run in to draw your fire if you overlook it longer than thirty minutes.

The only proper time to shoot the dog is upon scoring a clean miss, pulling wrong trigger or attempting to fire when safety is on.

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Never use buckshot on the dog—it spoils the hide.

The prairie chicken travels in harems. It is often difficult to hold the gun correctly ahead of the game. In such cases the novice may secure better results by holding a board ahead instead.

CAT HUNTING

CAT HUNTING

CATS are of two kinds—wild and Tom. Both are legitimate prey at all seasons of the year, the latter being eagerly pursued by a large and rapidly increasing number of our most prominent citizens—citizens to whom all other game is devoid of attraction.

In appearance, habits and visible conduct the two brands of cat differ widely. The wild-cat is a stubby, prick-eared arrangement, upholstered in shaggy zibeline the color of the Circassian lady's hair. His ears have eyebrows on them and his tail is short and bushy, like a frazzled pen-wiper. This style of tail is much handier, however, than the cadaverous brand seen on the ordinary quiescent Tom, and is undoubtedly more easily lashed when getting up a fury.

The wild-cat's hoofs are festooned with assorted claws in all the latest designs and need but to be felt to be appreciated. A full-

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grown wild-cat, sorrowing over a misspent life often contracts the uncomfortable habit of alighting on a man's spine from the peak of a forty-foot tree. The sensation produced is said to resemble closely being hit by a cotton gin.

Raw spine, by the way, is a wild-cat's greatest hobby. Any person possessing a spine which they desire preserved intact should pad same systematically before venturing into dangerous proximity to a wild-cat having family troubles on his mind. A large, rude wild-cat once yanked three links out of a Swede corn husker's back-bone, greatly to that gentleman's discomfort and chagrin.

As to the other brand—the Tom cat—he arrives in a variety of shades and colors, like flowers. Like flowers, too, he is abroad in the spring. White ears and tail, attached to a groundwork of black and salmon, with a lavender chin, make a striking cat on a moonlit evening. But on a real dark night the cat having the foregoing specifications

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Cat Hunting

cannot be told, by the ear, from one colored like an old pair of jeans breeches.

The tomcat's habits are nocturnal and infernal. When Morpheus has the world choked down to a gasp the festive Tom slides from behind the barn and bursts into full chorus. The symptoms of his presence are so well known that more than casual mention would be superfluous. The mournful wail—the moans that break your heart—the calliope cadenza that tear your gizzard into shreds—these are all instantly recognized by the reader.

If you are in bare feet on a hard pine floor with the mercury shrivelled up like a dividend on oil well stock, it may require some time before you perceive the cat. But he is there and presently you clamp eye on him looming up bigger than an embossed gas bill.

Procedure varies according to the individual. Some otherwise sane men have been known to throw the contents of the bedroom out into the back yard without disturbing the cat in the slightest. Others jab a pillow into

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each ear, softly remark a stanza or so and drop into troubled slumber dreaming of twenty-seven luxurious ways of killing tom-cats.

Recognized authorities are agreed that capital punishment is the only remedy for the troubadour Tom. It is useless to shoot the cat—never attempt it. A thoroughly-shot cat will be around on duty the following night as fresh as if just in from a vacation at the seashore.

Having passed the sentence of death on the cat, the essential thing is to secure the *corpus delicti*—that is, the cat. After locating the animal's favorite roost, the spot, usually the hitching post, is heavily coated with tar. This done, retire, not forgetting to stifle one or two manly chuckles as you slip on your lovely pink and white nightie.

Night draws on (not necessary to specify what she draws on) and the scene of the tragedy becomes calm. On the post the freshly laid tar yearns for its victim. In the far distance a sound is heard—an infant
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“One end is connected with the brick—
the other with the cat.”



Cat Hunting

in distress perhaps—or is it a swain stabbed by a faithful hat pin? Nearer and still nearer it comes until the palpitating silence recognizes its direst enemy—the tomcat.

With a bound the cat vaults upon the hitching post and settles himself cosily for the evening rehearsal. In the course of half an hour the cat has formed an acquaintance with the post that cannot be severed except by a spade and a pick-axe.

Here the citizen comes on the scene. He dissects the cat from the post and lugs him to the brickyard. He selects a nice, large sun-tanned brick. He next extracts from a pocket a stout cord having two ends. One end is connected with the brick—the other with the cat. The brick is then heaved into the river. This is perfectly justifiable and approved by the Supreme Court of most of the States and Territories.

SNIPE SHOOTING

SNIPE SHOOTING

THIS is a sport in which three things are of urgent importance. A quick eye, steady nerve, and a well-polished vocabulary of acidulous expostulation.

The snipe, a bird built on the plan of a magnified flea, is the only animal that flies in more than one direction at one and the same time. In the words of General Custer at the battle of Pea Ridge the man who pots a snipe must arise early and "go some." Snipe are never hunted with clubs, slungshots, salt or deputy sheriffs. The huskiest old cannon you've got will not be any too huge for this game. Pour in a fistful of dynamite, run in the morning paper, then a pint or two of shot and wind up by cramming in an old shirt or something. If the barrel of the gun is not yet full, put in the ramrod.

The snipe being located (theoretically) the gun is placed in a horizontal position with the

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nether end resting snugly against the right shoulder. In case you shoot left-handed, this will be considered overruled for you. When the bird breaks cover you immediately scribble "Z" on the atmosphere with the gun and pull the trigger. If the gun scatters far enough you may damage the snipe more or less severely. If not, you can chalk down a clean miss.

Never shoot twice at the same snipe. Results have never justified the expenditure. Only one man is recorded to have secured two consecutive shots at a snipe and that one was in a cage.

Never shoot on impulse. If your dog suddenly wiggles his tail do not lose your wits and shoot at the tail. Wait till the snipe gets up about eight feet, aim for his hip pocket and grit your teeth as you fire. A strong gun will throw shot lively enough to bruise the bird's rear elevation a trifle, but the ordinary farm weapon is generally twenty minutes late.

'The snipe's reprehensible habit of yelling
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Snipe Shooting

"'Scaped" just as soon as he jumps from his lair is a most disconcerting item to nervous shooters. By the time the howitzer has been trained and discharged a good healthy snipe in the prime of early manhood will be zig-zagging through the jungle two miles away. Carrying the gun cocked is advisable—providing your finger don't get cramps and an injury occur to a friend's adjacent precincts thereby.

The usual snipe load is three fingers of powder, heel of a felt boot, eleven hundred No. 9 shot, another boot heel and well



MORGAN

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crimped. A man and team will haul in all you kill for a small fee.

A man must start in bright and early if he intends to get a full mess of snipe before sundown. A bushel basket of snipe will dress about a pint and a half. Ninety per cent. of them are feathers. A man can shoot a duck at an average outlay of three cents. To kill enough snipe to equal a duck he will spend in the neighborhood of seventy cents and miss two meals. Watch the man who hunts snipe—the chances are strong he is robbing the bank.

WHALING

WHALING

WHALING is one of the most exciting sports known, and its followers find it far more insidious than the drink habit. Those who have had the pleasure of hooking a young and passionate whale in its native element (where, by the way, it generally stays) pronounce the sport thrilling to the highest degree. Besides furnishing sport to the angler the whale is a highly prized article of commerce for the reason that he is composed principally of whale bone and whale meat.

The man who would land a whale arises at an exceedingly remote period of the morning. Having selected a light, trim thirty-two-foot telephone pole, a three-foot lawn hose reel, six hundred feet of tarred manilla rope and a dory anchor, he rigs up his tackle.

If the morning is cloudy the proper caper in the bait line is the last half of a dark bay

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cabhorse. If clear weather, use a brindle steer with the tassel still on the tail. Cast from the stern of the boat, using a delicate wrist movement that brings the bait skimming lightly over the water.

The favorite haunts of whales are the deep pools in the ocean beneath overhanging wreckage. Carefully fish all such spots, taking care to keep the bait as fresh and natural as possible.

If you have followed instructions closely it will not be long before you detect a nibble. This feels something like being pulled through a picket fence by a pet bull. Do not act too hastily—give him time—give him time! A whale is a most fastidious creature, but by slowly drawing the bait through the water in imitation of a drowning section hand, you will dispel his fears.

When he finally opens up and shuts down on your hook you will notice a feeling of weight and a dull sinking sensation at the apex of the digestive system. Strike immediately, throwing your right leg across the
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“Cast from the stern of the boat, using a delicate wrist movement.”



Whaling

reel to control his first rush. By bearing down till your pants catch fire you may stop him and you may not.

This is the most critical moment in whaling. Finding himself checked, the infuriated animal dashes back intent on vengeance. Unless thwarted he is liable to create a disturbance among your heirs, and you must therefore act promptly. When the whale is within fifteen feet of you, coming head-on, suddenly unfurl a bright red umbrella and jab it at him. At the same time yell "Scat!" as loudly as possible. No whale yet observed can stand this treatment, and inside of ten minutes he will expire of a broken heart. You can then reel him in like a pail of mud from a well.

Occasionally a whale will be found whose tactics are of the waiting kind. In this case you should have several days' food supply on hand, as it will take time. A nice plump whale makes a fine mess for a family of about two hundred and fifty.

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